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Her Lad across the Sea.

My heart is sad, for my bonnie lad
Is over the rolling Sea;
And I wonder, to-night, as I sit and write
A letter to him, if he
Is true to the vow that he made that day
He sailed away from me.

With tears, he said, "I will be led,
In my actions every day,
By the counsel true I received from you
As I came along life's way.
You have been my guide all the way through life,
And you will live to say
That your bonnie lad ne'er caused a tear
Of woe to rise, or a sigh of fear."

But, oh, my heart with fear will start,
For I know the luring smile
Of the enchantress, drink, may make him think
Himself in love the while,
With the baleful charms which she e'er displays
Young manhood to beguile.

The cursed thing! Should she ever sting
That bonnie lad of mine,
What a blow 'twould be to fall on me!
But I pray that God divine,
In that far-off land, will by him stand,
And keep him from the wine.
God bless this letter that I send to-night,
And keep My Boy in the path of right.

John Wrigglesworth.

Information Wanted.— Whereabouts of Patrick Dugan and Albert Tajke, at one time Seamen, and in Boston. Address the Editor of *The Mariners' Advocate*.

SHIP AHOY! SHIP AHOY!

Life of Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher.— A handsome book of 544 pages, containing many interesting anecdotes of this famous preacher, with articles by Rev. C. A. Bartol and Walt Whitman. The volume is fully illustrated, including portraits of Father Taylor and Mother Taylor, Mariners' House, exterior and interior views. The price is $1.50, postpaid. Order of THE OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE CO., 27 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON, Mass.

Father Taylor.

[Much to the regret of the editor of the "Life of Father Taylor," recently published by the Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society, and for sale by the Old Corner Book Store Co., 27 Bromfield Street, Boston, the following admirable sketch of Father Taylor by his old friend, Mark Trafton, D.D., escaped notice until too late to be printed with the Life. This sketch was printed in *Zion's Herald*, July 27, 1892, over twenty years after Father Taylor's death. Mark Trafton came to Boston in the year 1842, so that he had a personal acquaintance with the great Sailor Preacher, when he was in "his prime."]

A name needing neither prefix nor affix to give it currency wherever the English language is in use—like a note of the Bank of England everywhere recognized as equal to its equivalent in gold! No name has spread so far and been pronounced with greater veneration and love among that class of persons who "go down to the sea in ships" than that of "Father Taylor," and joined with it that of his incomparable wife, "Mother Taylor." In the cabin and in the forecastle, by the intelligent officers and the rough, unlettered sailors, that name has been spoken with profound admiration and love. In every sea, under the flag of all nationalities, in the watch below or on deck, in the calm, smooth sailing or when the storm is raging and the great, green billows break over the decks, when lying out on the trembling yards taking in sail, or in the perils of

breakers and working off a-lee-shore, some word of Father Taylor, or Mother Taylor's prayer last heard, has inspired with hope many a sinking heart, and filled the despairing soul with courage.

For forty years this man occupied a pulpit in the city of Boston to the unflagging interest of listening thousands, the cynosure of all eyes, the marvel and wonder of all listeners. With Channing in Federal Street, the senior Beecher in Park Street, and Bishop Griswold in old Trinity, still the crowd drifted to North Square and filled the old Bethel to overflowing. And, mark you, not the uncultivated and lower orders alone, but judges and barristers, merchants and mariners, were there. Poets and orators came to be charmed and inspired by the scintillations of this genius, and even play actors, to learn, if possible, the secret of his power. Strangers from far and near, visiting Boston, bent on business or pleasure, must hear the far-renowned orator of North Square.

And who was this man who could and did move a Choate to tears, and draw from Daniel Webster unstinted praise and admiration? His charm was not in the art of the rhetorician, for he had not, when he commenced his life-work, so much as heard whether there be any rhetorician; not in studied tricks and clap-trap, everything of that sort was his utter scorn. It was in him as lightning is in the cloud; and, when it came out, it struck something. Nothing low or vulgar or offensive to the most refined taste was heard. Is it not a marvel that a man with so slight mental culture, owing nothing to schools, should nevertheless not only come up to, but often boldly surpass, all conditions of the most successful oratory? Severely logical in reasoning, yet he could not define a syllogism. Had he lived before Aristotle, he would have illustrated rhetorical rules; or prior to Homer, he would have originated poetic laws. His good strong common sense and innate conception of propriety seemed to be his strength.

And now with all these wondrous gifts and powers, "what would he have been if thoroughly educated?" I answer, he would never have been known, there would have been no "Father Taylor"; and this memorial of my dear old friend would never have been penned. I make no reflection on the higher education; but, when Nature presents such a specimen of her handiwork, the chisel, the pencil, file, and brush can only mar, not improve, that work. A man's power is in his idiosyncrasies, his peculiar tact and style; and, if the educator undertakes to rub down these rough points, he simply shears the locks and makes him as other men.

Naturally Taylor was extremely diffident. He has said to me, when I asked him why he trembled so when rising to speak: "No, I am not afraid. I could stand by my gun on shipboard, and give shot for shot and feel not the slightest touch of fear; but, when I stand before an audience, until I get well under way I am scared." It was even so in company: especially among strangers his diffidence was most embarrassing. His emotional nature was almost overpowering. He felt profoundly, and of course he brought others to feel. There was never a truer child of nature. No one listening to him ever detected anything like artificiality in tone or facial expression or gesture. The thought would be, "That is just as it ought to be."

He had humor, wit, aptness of repartee, and a terrible power of sarcasm; and woe to the cause of the luckless wight that fell under his lash! But he had a vein of seriousness and thoughtfulness not understood or appreciated by persons who only met him socially. Then he put on an appearance of gayety and good humor. So it was with another great genius, Lincoln, who was thought to be light and trifling when in his hours of relaxation; yet what a mighty undertow rolled beneath that surface just ruffled by anecdote and jest! Father Taylor was not all "storm and tempest and bluster," as some one has characterized him, but possessed a solid stratum of pure thought under the rapid surface current. Sit down with him for hours, as the writer has been privileged, and the thinker showed himself. If he was but a surface man, how could he have sustained himself as he did in the same pulpit for forty years?

But at last he began to break up, and, though unconscious of any abatement of power himself, his family saw it with pain. His physician, on being consulted, said "he must shorten up his public ministrations"; and his watchful wife admonished him of his danger, and said to him, "You must preach shorter sermons, father, so your doctor says, or you will soon have to stop altogether." 'Oh, yes," replied he, "that is easy enough, sure." It was then arranged that, after he had exhausted thirty-five minutes, the old

sexton should rise in the congregation and wave a hand. "All right," said the obedient old hero, "I shall see him when he stands up." And he smiled a grim smile.

Sabbath came, and so did the usual afflatus; the thirty-five minutes soon ran out, and then up rose the old sexton, with a wave of a hand toward the clock. "Yes, brother, I see you," said the inspired orator, "but just take your seat. I have struck a rich vein just here, and I must work it out." Stop him? Stop the bolt as it leaves the overcharged cloud! Stop the electric fluid on the live wire with a bare hand! The plan for limited exercises was abandoned. Only death could stop him!

He was a man of strong passion, and passion is one's power for good or ill, as the passion is controlled or uncontrolled. Hence he ever spoke under the pressure of powerful emotion, and excited the same in his hearers. It should be remembered, also, that he was ever addressing unlettered Sailors, his boys, "the jewels of the world," as he called them; and yet the cultured mass filling the side aisles and galleries heard him with delight and profit. The "Swedish Nightingale," Jenny Lind, slipped quietly in to hear him one Sabbath, he ignorant of her presence, when he incidentally made, in his quaint style, some reference to the power of music, and she clapped her hands in the ecstasy of her excitement.

His methods of preparation for the pulpit were peculiar. He wrote not a line: he left not a scrap of writing, not a letter, not even his autograph. He read the fathers diligently,—Latimer's, Horne's, and South's admirable sermons. He was on the watch always when reading, or hearing read, the Scriptures; and, if a text struck him, he would stop the reader and say, "Read that again." I recall an incident illustrating this point. In a chat with him in his home I quoted a text from the prophets: "Who is this that stirreth up himself? . . . Let him take hold on my strength and be at peace." "Ha!" he said, "*take hold* on my *strength*." A few hours later he came hurriedly into my house in the next street, and burst out: "Traffee [so he always addressed me], where is that text you spoke of? I can't find it." I took my Concordance and found that I had joined two texts far apart. Isaiah lxiv. 7 reads, "There is none that stirreth up himself to take hold of thee," while chapter xxvii 5 reads, "Or let him take hold of my strength that he may make peace with me." I straightened it out, and he left to think it over.

Having fixed upon a text, he then left his home and wandered about, down by the wharves and among the Seamen, thinking out the sermon. I have in several instances followed close after him on the street, unknown and unnoticed by him, and could hear his mutterings as he was planning his sermon and audibly thinking it out.

He was not given to story-telling in his sermons; but no public speaker had a richer store of apt and telling illustrations, drawn from Sea and land. His powers of description were unexcelled. He was one day describing a storm and wreck at Sea,—the waves break all over her, the masts are gone by the deck, she is fast filling, settling down by her head, bows go under,—when an excited Sailor before him sprang to his feet, and, grasping the rail of the slip in front of him, shouted, "There she goes!" The old hero shouted back: "There's the life-boat! Strike out for her!" What a contrast between such preaching and reading a ten minutes' essay on the Witch of Endor!

No. 1 New Prince Street was the site of old Cotton Mather's early residence, and on the opposite corner lived Governor Bradford in the old colonial times. Here at No. 1 was Father Taylor's home, so long occupied by that family. Here his children were born and married, going out to find homes of their own. Stepping down into the cellar, one may see the solid oak beams of that old Mather House, now black with age.

The doors of the more modern brick tenements were recessed; that is, the walls were flush on the sidewalk, and three or four steps led up to the door. In winter the snow would be whirled into this recess, to the great annoyance of the occupants. A conclave of Father Taylor's family decided on a storm-door as a measure of comfort. But, when the matter was laid before the supposed executive, it met with a decided veto. "Storm-door! No, not on my house—never!" But the persons who had canvassed the question were women, and the vote was carried over the veto, five to one. A carpenter was engaged, who, in the absence of the supposititious master of the house, took the dimensions and was to bring and adjust the door when notified. When it was ready, he informed the family. Now it was a prime necessity to get "father" out of the way for an afternoon. So one of his friends was to

invite him to tea somewhere far up the city, and to keep him as late as possible. The day came. Father Taylor went, and the storm-door came. All was up and nicely adjusted before evening set in.

About 9 P.M. Father Taylor might have been seen stepping briskly along down Hanover Street. He has had a most agreeable evening, and is in the full flow of spirits. He turns into Prince Street. It is a dark night, but he is at home in all the streets at the North End. He takes the left-hand sidewalk, as his house is on that side. He sails on, everything drawing "alow and aloft." But the first thing he knows he is out in the square in front of his church! He puts his "helm hard down" and "fills away on another tack." With a laugh he says, "That's funny that I missed my own house." On he drives now, and soon brings up in Hanover Street. He "lays to" now, and begins to feel that he has "lost his reckoning." But he is not one to give up for a little absent-mindedness. He keeps a good "larboard lookout" and drives on again under a press of sail and excitement. But, alas! he soon comes again opposite Moon Street with no sign of his port of entry. "Am I crazy?" says he.

Just then a policeman shows a light. He calls to him and asks, "Do you know me?"

"Oh, yes, you are Father Taylor," says the night guardian.

"But where do I live?" he asks.

"At No. 1 Prince Street," is the response.

"Yes, but where is that? I can't find it."

"I'll show you. Come with me."

So back they tramp.

"But this is a flush companion-way," says the bewildered man: "mine is open."

The guide opens the door, remarking, as he throws the light of his bull's-eye into the cavity, "A storm-door, Father Taylor!"

His latch-key gives him entrance, and then, as half a dozen light feet went flying upstairs, a storm broke upon the scene which no storm-door could exclude! A form came into the room, and a hand dropped upon his shoulder, and from the parted lips the word "Edward!" And there was a calm!

His powers of sarcasm find an illustration in his celebrated reply to Theodore Parker's criticism on the inspiration of the Bible. The old man read the report of the attack in the dailies and thought out a reply. On the ensuing Sabbath he delivered it. After talking a while, he took up the Bible, laid it on his left arm and commenced walking back and forth on the platform. "And he, Parker, will destroy this Book! This is your mother's Book, my lads! How often you have seen her poring over its pages up there in the old home on the farm! She drew her comfort from this Book. There she read, '"Though I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, there shall Thy hand lead me," and my boys on the waters!' And, my lads, how often in your watch below you have opened that blue chest and taken up that old Bible, and on the fly-leaf you read, 'From mother to John.' And he will destroy this Book, will he?" Here he hugged the Book close to his breast, patting it gently with his hand. By this time the excitement was universal, not a dry eye in the house, while his tears were dropping upon the precious volume. Then he burst out, "O my boys, before he can destroy so much as the gilding on these covers, he will have been in perdition so long he will forget he was ever out of it!"

But allow me to give a picture of a Sabbath service in the old Bethel in 1834 which the writer himself witnessed, and in which he was a participant. I had come up to Boston on a two week's vacation, and with a desire to hear two preachers,—Abel Stevens, the "boy preacher," at Church Street, and Father Taylor, the "sailor preacher," at the Bethel. The first I heard on a Thursday evening, and the latter on the ensuing Sabbath.

It is a beautiful June morning as I leave the hotel where I was stopping in Bromfield Street, on the lot where now stands our Wesleyan Building, and start for the Seamen's Bethel, North Square. The bells are pealing out their call to worship, and, clear and cheering, above all, the chimes of Christ Church in Salem Street. For a long time before our arrival at the church groups of people have gathered in the square, awaiting the opening of the doors. Now they are pouring in. Hundreds of Seamen in their clean Sunday outfit are filling the body of the church, always reserved for "my boys." Carriage after carriage rolls up to the door, discharges its occupants, and departs. The bells one after another cease to toll, and still the people are crowding in. Every seat is occupied, and yet they come.

There's a hush—no sound but the rustle of fans held by jewelled fingers. The suspense is almost painful. We sit in the altar, where we have an unobstructed view. There he comes,—a rather short, snugly-knit frame,

his body straight as a gun, but slightly thrown back, so that he comes down hard upon his heels: no tip-toe man is this! What a head!—full in the perceptive organs, yet fuller behind his ears, and therefore he can put himself in motion independent of extraneous helps. What a breadth of forehead, ideality!—there's his poetic fund. His glasses lie upon the top of his head, as if to get a good look aloft. By his side is his wonderful wife. Tall, elegant in her bearing, she would grace the drawing-room of a queen. He shows her into her usual seat on the right of the pulpit with a courtly bow. He ascends the pulpit, nodding to me, and saying in a low tone, "To the quarter-deck, my boy!" A moment's silent prayer, then, resting his left arm on the pulpit, he casts a rapid glance over the vast throng. He is now in the presence of his boys and at home. One may easily imagine him in the character of a commodore on his quarter-deck, taking a survey of his ship from deck to truck, and you would not be surprised did he call out; "Give a pull on your lee-braces there! Lay her up sharp in the wind! Steady so!" Now he sees some Seamen, a little late, standing in the aisle, and calls out, "Make room there for the jewels of the world! Give them seats, brother sexton! Here, Jack, come up and take these chairs in front: no place is too good for you!"

All hushed, he announces the first hymn, "Servant of God, well done!" He does not read, he recites it. You will think you never heard that hymn before, so finely does his poetic taste emphasize every part of it. As this is a memorial service for one of the original patrons of the "Port Society,"—a merchant by the name of Perkins,—his selections harmonize with the occasion. He now takes the Bible to read the selected lesson. He lays it upon his left arm, and with the forefinger of his right hand traces the sentences as he reads distinctly and slowly. I never before heard the Scriptures read in public! It seems like a letter from home, from father or mother to the "absent boys"; and he is in the forecastle reading it to them in the "watch below." How eagerly they listen, bending forward to catch every word! He does not comment, but he now and then says, "Now mark that," or, "Now here is something for you, Jack."

Not alone the Seamen before him are interested: the mass of the educated and refined people filling the side slips and galleries are equally attent and absorbed. Mark how he trembles! My readers will recall what I have said above of his natural diffidence.

He kneels for prayer. How still and silent is the house! Fans are closed, hands clasped, and heads bowed. All the writer can distinctly remember of that prayer is, "Our Father"! At its close I recalled only a maze of wonder. I was a child; mother was dead; the old home of my childhood was closed; I was a wanderer; at Sea, wrecked, and cast ashore half-drowned, some one picked me up; the patrons of the Port Society took me in and nursed me back to life; and now he whose gifts had been so generous and long continued, is dead! Sobs were heard, and often hearty "Amens." It was overpowering!

Then came the sermon, if that may be called such which came not within hail of any system of homiletics ever heard of, and yet such a sermon as no other living man could have delivered. The text was, "Verily I say unto you, if a man keep my sayings, he shall never see death!" It is fifty-eight years since I sat there in that pulpit and listened to that discourse, and yet its echoes are still in my ears. When he came to speak of his departed friend, the Seamen's friend, who carried them on his great heart, who thought of them and prayed for them on the ocean in their lonely watch, or lying out on the slippery yards reefing sail in a gale of wind, or working off alee-shore with breakers all around them,—then it was that his amazing power appeared. "But he is gone, our friend is gone, without seeing death!" And then he takes us on his wings of imagination up above the blue ether to see him enter glory. It was terrific—I have no other term to express the emotion of that scene.

But I became not a little anxious about our safe descent. Suddenly, pausing, he turned to face me, and looked with those blazing eyes into mine so long it seemed: then softly, and with his old smile flitting over his features, he said, "Brother, may you have Paul's eyes and never see death!"

O my dear old friend, I fondly hope that prayer of thine is registered somewhere to my credit!

The New England Conference, of which he had been so long an honored and beloved member, was in session in Roxbury, April 6, 1871, where the same body assembled

April 6, 1892, when the report was made, "Father Taylor is dead!" He was buried from his church, when addresses were made by Rev. Frederick Upham, his life-long friend, Rev. Mr. Watterston, a Unitarian clergyman, and the writer of this sketch. He was borne to Mt. Hope cemetery and laid by his beloved wife.

Recent Court Decisions.

SEAMEN—WAGES—DISCHARGE BY CONSUL FOR INSUBORDINATION.

The discharge of Seamen by the United States consul at the port where the outward voyage terminated, because of their insubordination and refusal to assist in discharging cargo as required by their articles, *held* justified, and to defeat their claim for wages during the return voyage. The "Annie," 133 Federal Reports (United States). 325. The above action was brought by the libellants, Edward Jorgensen and Anthony Nelson, to recover wages claimed to be due at the rate of $30 per month, from Sept. 21, 1903, the date of their detention in St. Thomas, West Indies, to the 7th day of December following, when the vessel reached New Haven, Connecticut, her port of discharge, with penalties for non-payment amounting to $200 each. The defence is that the libellants refused to assist in discharging cargo, which it was their duty to do, and became intoxicated, disorderly, violent, and insubordinate, and were summoned before the United States consul, before whom they had a hearing, and were duly discharged in accordance with law. The evidence shows that the men agreed in the shipping articles to handle all cargoes and ballast required. There was no trouble on the outward voyage; but, on reaching St. Thomas, they refused to discharge cargo, and altercations arose between the men and the officers of the vessel, which resulted in the master calling in the services of the United States consul, who after a hearing discharged them for insubordination. The master thereupon paid the consul the wages then due, and took his receipt for them. To avoid further trouble the consul detained the men while the vessel sailed. The libellants have doubtless suffered some hardship from the consul's act, but are not entitled, in view of their insubordinate conduct, to any redress from the vessel. The master's act was fully justified and the libel must be dismissed.

Japan's Enterprise.

Since the beginning of hostilities Japan has bought 33 steamers of more than 85,800 aggregate tonnage, and chartered 76 vessels, with a total tonnage of 161,800. The Japanese Toyo Kisen Kaisha, or steamship company, has declared its usual dividend of 12 per cent. The company is to construct two 15,000-ton passenger steamships. Instead of ordering these from some British or German shipbuilding company, the raw material will be bought and sent to Nagasaki, and the ships built by the Japanese shipbuilding company at that port. In spite of the war no less than eight steamers are now under construction at the Mitsu Bishi Dockyard and Engine Works at Nagasaki, Japan. One of these is for the Seattle service, and will be launched in November,—6,000 tons. Five of the others are for service in the China seas. Japan is buying the locomotives for the Corean railroads exclusively in the United States, chiefly because of more speedy delivery. It is favoring England and the United States in the purchase of material for the new waterworks at Yokohama. England is particularly favored for material for shipbuilding and naval equipment. The large war vessels built for Japan in Germany were ordered to England for their armament.

About Crabs.

Soft-shell crabs are as commonplace to the tidewater Virginian as are baked beans to the Bostonian, while the hard-shell may be got at any time in Chesapeake Bay by means of a string with a piece of meat dropped overboard and a scoop-net. But most remarkable is an extravagance of the Atlantic that occurs, so the natives say, about three times a winter down at Cape Henry, at the mouth of the Chesapeake. The icy condition of the water puts the crabs into a partially frozen and numbed condition; and, if the wind takes a certain direction, there are sure to be miles and miles of beach covered with masses of flat blue bodies and sprawling imbecile pink legs that stretch up helplessly into the air. The first crabs coming in on the crest of a big wave excite little curiosity. Then the number steadily increases, the 100-yard beach at last becoming covered with crabs, seaweed, conch spawn, sea biscuit, sea hogs,